

Posted by u/MrSharks202 9 hours ago

The aliens that invaded were not natural, not animals. Humans were animals.

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Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar, Patton, Joan of Arc, generals of magnificent history and possessed by minds made to win. Things that walked the Earth among men but chose to be lions instead, many have called them the saviors or drivers of history. Many have also called them the slaughterers.

Wise men have said that these people are made by necessity, that a sword can only be beaten into edge by the heat of an erupting forge. This is of course a gamble, for that means that we must wait around in idle without our apt leaders, we must stew in our own mediocracy and create the problems that the champions are born to solve. What if they don't come?

[December 7th, 2029 - A day that will live in tragedy]

There is an eerie part of invasion that often goes unspoken, a lingering artifact of mass planning whose effects are chilling. That is that often times it doesn't start off with a 'bang' or a rapid deployment of troops. More often than not some invaders arrive early, or come about in unexpected ways. This results in a still moment of suspense as a realization of devastation begins to spread like corruption.

The first alien arrived on a ski slope in Colorado USA, unaccompanied by any others and looking more grotesque than deadly. It floated maybe 15 feet above one of the main routes, with gangly, brown tentacles hanging down from its bubbling, brain-like body in unheard of ways. It released a low growl that rumbled the snow slightly and buzzed the air with fear.

The world around it froze, as those skiers who were just before on vacation and enjoying the art of forgetting got gripped by the reality of mystery. In a twilight evening and lit by LED ski lights the thing floated in the most horrible way, not moving or showing any sign of intent, just existing and vexing those who witnessed its fleshy body.

It wasn't long before intent was shown, as more arrived and gears started to turn it became obvious what was happening: genocide. Mankind is still young on the evolutionary scale, so we are still inhibited by what might be called 'animalistic nature.' We're but moving minds schizophrenic with ghosts of our past species. When hellfire rained down like God's prophesied wrath we became possessed by the rat and scurried for dear life, fleeing in the most panicked, frenzied way imaginable.

There were those who asked 'Where is our hero? Where is the Hannibal or Caesar? The Alexander to save us and drive back the wretched enemy? Is the fire not hot? Is the smith not beating on the sword harder than it ever has?' But none came. Nations fell and empires crumbled without ever finding as much as a leader who could look the things in the eyes. Sorrow spread like blight and withered the spirit of resistance. What was mankind without their heroes?

[March 20, 2033 - Rebirth]

Mankind was invaded by something alien, something not of known origin. It cannot be called animal or relatable in the slightest Earthly way. Its mind, spirit and internal makeup was entirely indecipherable. Man, has already known, is an animal. An animal is cowardly and easily broken, an animal is something still connected to the dirt and breathes the same air as everything else. An animal is not intimidating to those born of stars. An animal is hopelessly weak... But an animal is also the most resilient, ruthless thing the universe has ever made.

The origin of the resistance is unknown, its founder never revealed. Has far as can be told, it never really had any of those things. Quite suddenly the world opened its eyes and found fire all around it, and realized that it itself was made of fire. There was no great general, no heroic speech given before battle or glorious leader that was looked up to. Man, all of man, found a sword on the ground and realized that it could be wielded by anything with the will to pick it up. The line between soldier and everyday person disappeared, and it was revealed that they were always one in the same.

Resistance was horribly bloody and ruthless, it was fought with cold, hard brutality and imbued with the spirit of a cornered animal. Never, in the entire 10 year war for survival did mankind not fight till the last man, there was not a single capitulation, not a single surrender. Those heroes that fought, those ones that made life today possible -- *They were animals* -- They fought till they couldn't breath, fought with fists when their guns emptied, kicked if they lost their hands and bit if they had nothing else. There was no one hero, no singular driver of change, mankind was the savior, all of her.

This is who we are now. We are incredibly aware of our place in the galaxy, we look to the stars and see only alien neighbors, countless things that do not resemble us in the slightest. So now, now after all that we have suffered, we are united and we know: We are animals, and we are coming for you.

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